

# MY PET GROWTH

by  
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MY NAME IS SABRINA. I LIVE WITH MY  
MOM AND DAD IN A HOUSE ON THE  
CORNER OF THE STREET.



MY FIRST PET IS MY PET BIRD.

HIS NAME IS PIKACHU. HE KNOWS HOW TO TALK AND SING. HE DOES BOTH REALLY WELL.

PIKACHU!  
I LOVE YOU!  
CHA CHA CHA!



MOM SAYS  
HE ALSO KNOWS  
HOW TO MAKE A  
MESS, BUT I DIDN'T  
TEACH HIM THAT.

HE LOVES  
ME A LOT.

MY OTHER PET IS MY PET GROWTH.



IT'S BEEN LIVING  
IN MY NECK  
FOR TWO YEARS  
NOW. IT GOES  
EVERYWHERE  
WITH ME.

I GUESS  
IN A WAY,  
IT LOVES  
ME TOO.

BUT MY PARENTS DIDN'T WANT TO KEEP IT.



EVEN PIKACHU WAS JEALOUS.

AWWK! AWWK!  
AWWK!\*



\* "BEGONE, YOU  
SERPENT OF  
THE SEA!"

SO WE DECIDED TO  
GET RID OF IT.

WE WENT TO  
SEE A DOCTOR.  
HE TALKED A  
LOT ABOUT  
OPERATIONS.

YAKKETY YAK  
YAK YAK  
YAKKETY YAK  
YAK...



**MWAHAHAHA!**

AT FIRST  
I FELT  
SCARED AND  
WORRIED.



BUT THEN I FIGURED  
IT WAS EASIER TO  
LET MOM AND DAD  
DO THE WORRYING.

SO I DID, AND  
I FELT  
BETTER.

WAAA! MY POOR  
BABYYYY!



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SURGERY,  
I SAID GOODBYE TO MY PET GROWTH.



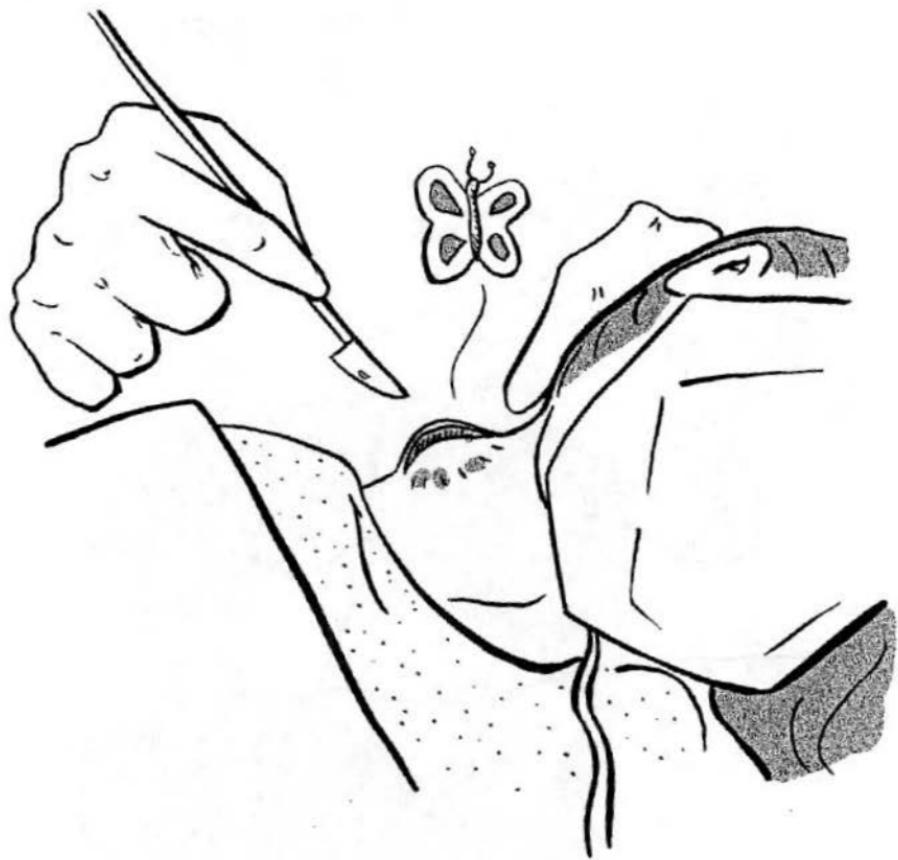
EVEN THOUGH  
I KNEW IT  
HAD TO GO,  
I STILL FELT  
A LITTLE  
FUNNY  
ABOUT IT.

THAT NIGHT,  
I DREAMT  
ABOUT THE  
SURGERY.

I DREAMT THEY WERE ABOUT  
TO CUT INTO ME.

THEN, WHEN  
THEY OPENED  
ME UP...



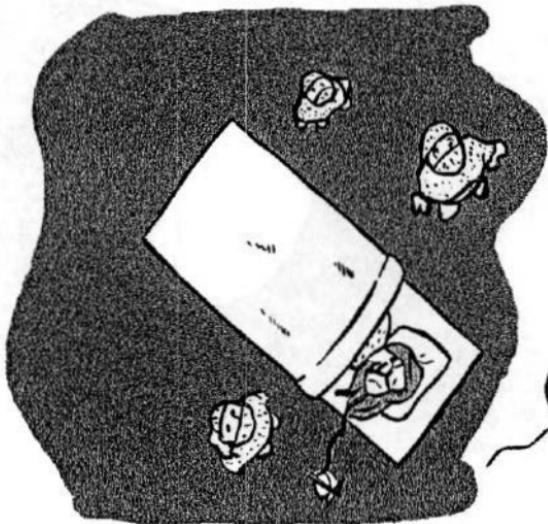




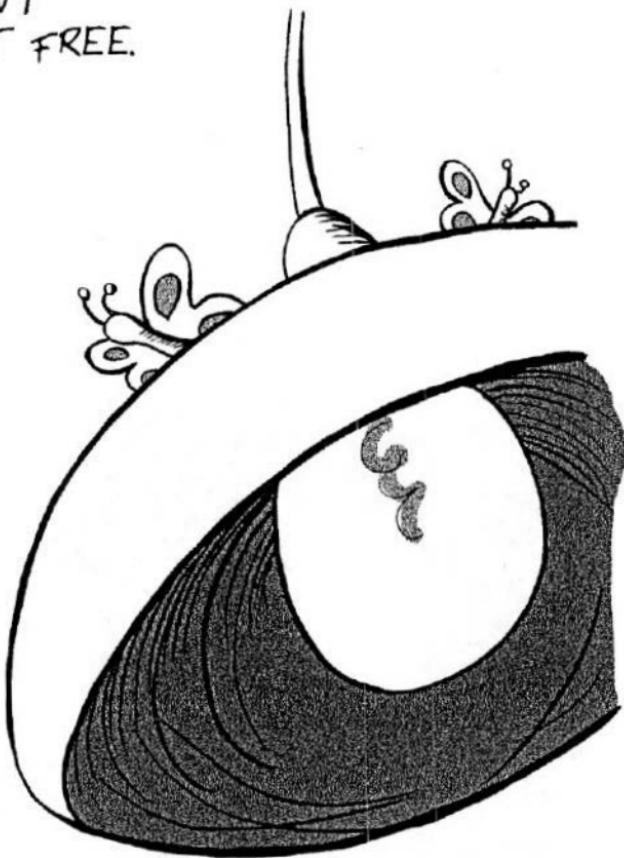
WHAT  
THE - ??

THE BUTTERFLIES HAD  
BEEN LIVING IN MY NECK  
ALL THIS TIME.

AND AS THEY FLUTTERED  
AWAY, I REALIZED IT WASN'T  
ABOUT GETTING RID OF  
MY PET GROWTH.



IT WAS ABOUT  
SETTING IT FREE.

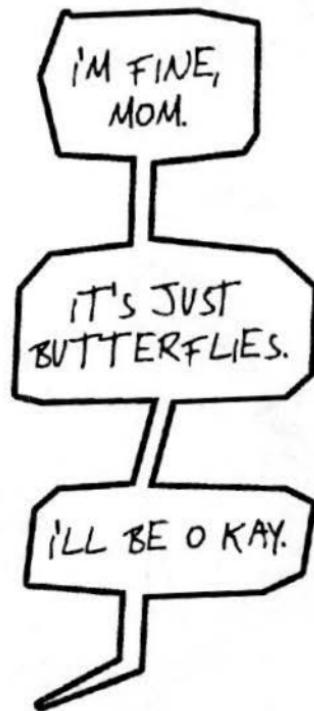


THE NEXT DAY, MOM  
AND DAD TOOK ME  
TO THE HOSPITAL.



AS THEY PREPPED  
ME FOR SURGERY,  
MOM ASKED HOW  
I WAS DOING.

AND I SAID:



AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

I WAS RIGHT.



**THE END**

TO SABRINA  
FROM LYNN :)





*My Pet Growth* was originally done  
in early 2005 as a gift for a young  
teen friend, herself slated to go in  
for surgery to remove said growth.

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